

# A Health to the *Northamptonshire* SNEAKERS.

**W**E'll Remember the Men  
That go with us again,  
To Chuse *Knights* that can afford, Sir,  
To Serve without Pension,  
Or other Pretension;  
And *JUST* and *RIGHT* is the Word, Sir.

As for Those that have Pay,  
We have nothing to say,  
Let the *Soldier* Live by his Sword, Sir:  
We're for Them that are known  
To have Lands of their own;  
And *JUST* and *RIGHT* is the Word, Sir.

If We Chuse their Court Tools  
They may well call us Fools,  
Tho' a *Double Saint*, and a *Lord*, Sir:  
We are sure we can Trust  
Both our *RIGHT* and our *JUST*;  
And *JUST* and *RIGHT* is the Word, Sir.

## The R E P L Y.

**H**ere's a Health to the *Knight*  
Who dares *Vote* and dares *Fight*;  
To Maintain our Religion and Laws, Sir,  
Against *France* and the *TACK*,  
And every Mad *JACK*;  
And never will *SNEAK* from the Cause, Sir.

As for Those whom you seem  
For their *Lands* to esteem,  
You little can say of their Brains, Sir:  
But since nothing can Taint  
Our Brave *Soldier* and *Saint*;  
'Tis for these Men alone we can Answer.

Your dull Puns we slight  
Of your *Just* and your *Right*,  
The Burthen of *Scoundrel* Song, Sir:  
Cheat us not with a Name,  
For your *JUST* Ends in *SHAM*;  
And your *CART* did always go Wrong, Sir.